



# THE STROBE

Fitchburg State College Student Newspaper

May 27, 1984



Richard Rockwood



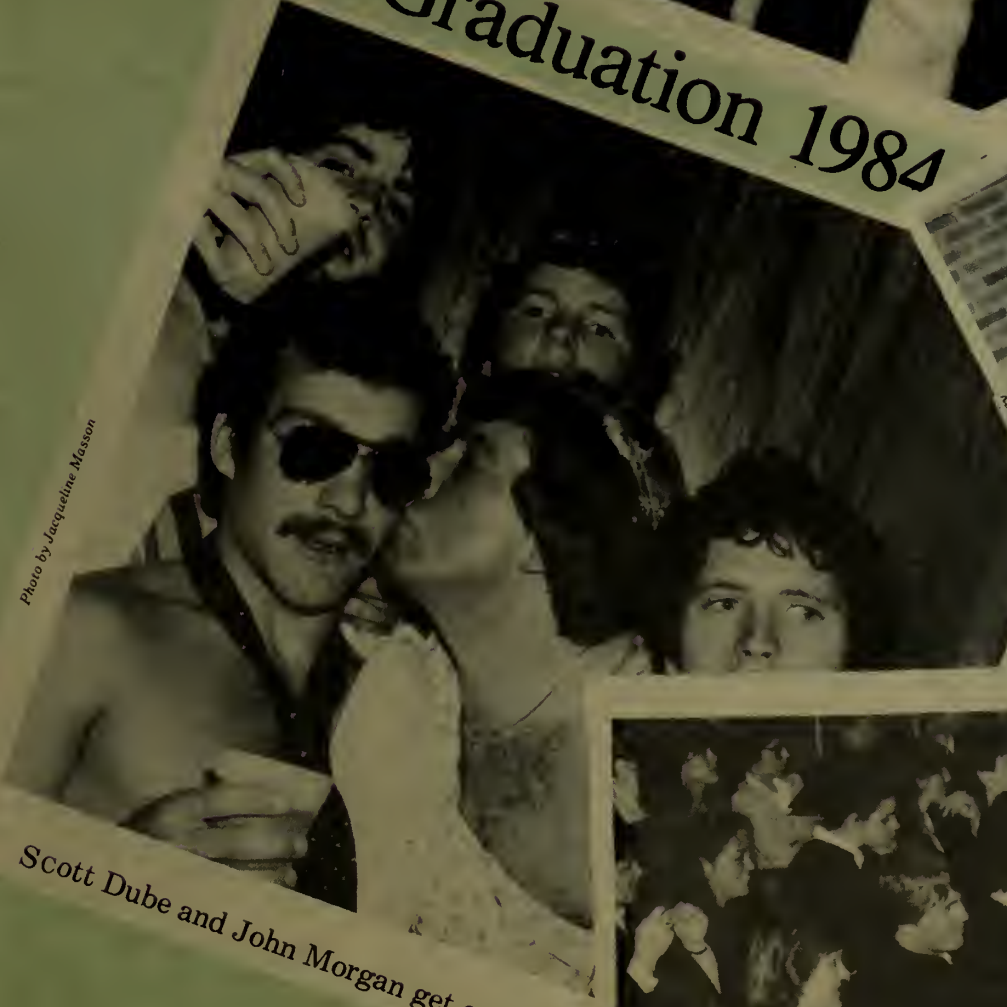
Photo by Mark Casey



Alan "Bumbry" McCall

## Graduation 1984

Photo by Jacqueline Masson



Scott Dube and John Morgan get emotional

Photo by Mark Casey



Photo by Mark Casey

# A Look Backwards:

by David Wyman

## One Senior's Perspective

Normally, the spring semester is a time when a student is divided between the cramming pressure of final exams and the expectant relief of summer vacation. "Spring fever" sets in at the first budding of a leaf, the first birdsong heard, the first sunny day. The last semester of the senior year has all that, and an added twist.

The added twist is in the form of a question, similar to one asked in the senior year of high school, and often similarity unanswerable. And the one question seems to regenerate, as some cells do, in damaged tissue. "What am I going to do now?" becomes "what am I going to do for the rest of my life, what can I do, what would I like to do, what have I done—and on and on and on, until there are a whole flock of questions.

There are job offers, and interviews to consider, weighed against the possibility of graduate school, all done within a close examination of one's own abilities and needs.

And within this close examination of oneself, there's an attempt to roll one's whole life's experience into a ball, to create a resume that reflects all of the best qualities of that young life. And a spirit of nostalgia rises, as if out of the pregnant, blossoming earth.

The seniorities suffered by a high school student, smelling the spring air for the first time in months, is essentially a strong pagan desire to go to the beach, and lie in the sun with friends and a cooler full of beer, and howl as the girls in bikini's (also for the first time in months) go by. All that dread of the future is carefully and succinctly denied.

College (obviously) differs, though not by much.

Memories of the first day of classes, of the hectic struggle with registration, of new friends who've become old friends whom you may leave behind for a while and hope to meet later, of professors who've influenced your thoughts and impressions, of books read (and some re-read), of days spent at Slattery's instead of in class, and a thousand other images are fondly looked over—and over—in the scrapbook of one's mind.

But the very serious look of the future, which was so easily made at high school graduation beach parties, returns like an angry principle. And, like this constantly changing, and often unreliable New England weather, one's moods are drastically altered by these conflicting views. The sentimental looking back is interrupted by the uncertain look ahead.

And outside the birds are still chirping, the trees in the quad are building into a soft lavender color, it's beach weather, and there are still final exams to cram for—or were.

If all this begins to sound too "philosophical," it is perhaps understandable. Certain landmarks, like graduation, tend to induce that kind of reflective technology.

For some, the move into "the real world" is a welcome one, full of excitement; for others, there is apprehension: "can I make it out there?"

"Out there" seems worlds away from the routine of college life; but the difference is a matter of perspective.

And it may be simply this: out there in the real world there are no snow days.

## Senior Banquet 1984 . . .

Photo by Mark Casan



Maureen Ricci and Marilyn Shannon

## Fitchburg's Finest Pose for a Photo

Ashby Day



Photo by Jacqueline Masson

## The Bed Race

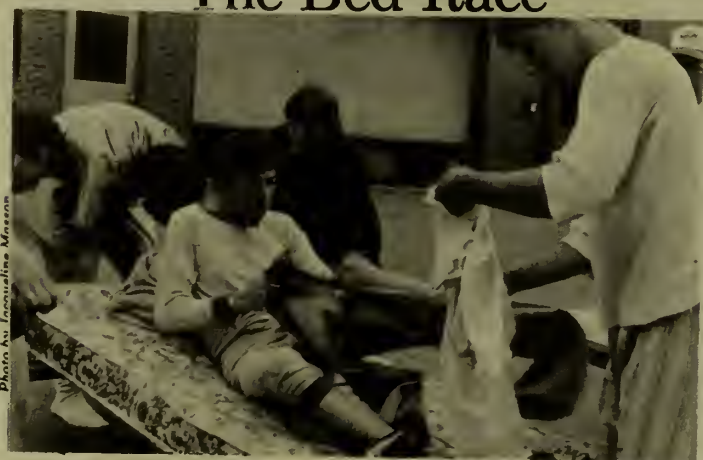


Photo by Jacqueline Masson



Photo by Jacqueline Masson

## Real World 101, Take Home Essay

You wonder, when you are a matter of days away from receiving your diploma, what you have learned after taking 40-odd courses at this College.

Learning takes place, early in your days at FSC, in- and outside of the classroom. Mostly, you learn how to figure out what the realities of college life are. This is good for you because it helps reflect what you can expect when you go out into the real world after graduation.

First, there's the concern with being on schedule and doing things on time. That goes out the window as soon as you persuade your professor into accepting that term paper that "will not be accepted after such-and-such a date" a week late.

You soon discover that being late is no sin, and not even showing up half the time is preferable to being in class physically and not mentally. On the other hand, a mental abstinence during class is good practice for many entry-level jobs in the real world.

Many students couldn't tell you the meaning of a "study routine," and just as many never buy their books until the middle of the semester.

The general rule of thumb becomes "wait til the last minute," when your powers of bullshitting are at their peak.

Speaking of bullshitting, there is also the concern with being prepared.

When you have a test, ya rush through everything you didn't read, memorize a few notes, find out how much the other class members studied, then write you fingers off during the exam. If you studied enough, then you write spastic half sentences and phrases about everything; if you don't have a clue, then you create well developed paragraphs of garbage.

When you are assigned a project, you think of wonderful ideas and have a mind something that will surpass anything of its kind ever done before. Then, convinced of your genius, you sit back and wait until a few days before the project is due and throw together whatever seems easiest to do or recycle something you have already created for another class.

What it seems you prepare for the most is what you are going to take next semester, or what classes you want desperately to get into (the ones you have presently are, of course, dull and in the way). Seniors talk about their resumes and job interviews, but if no one is there telling them these have to be prepared, they just won't do it.

So what is important: what are the most useful things you learn at Fitchburg State?

How to react to different people, or, more simply put, how to get along in the real world. No book is going to tell you the right way to badger professors for some more time to write a paper, or to let you into their courses, or to give you a 1.0 instead of an "F".

If you live in an apartment, you learn how to cook to survive and that whoever said you need three meals a day was crazy. A piece of toast, a candy bar for lunch, and a hamburger with a can of beans for dinner is fine.

Roommates, you discover, are often my sterious beings. When you live with people that closely and in such a casually-styled relationship, the unpredictability of human beings never ceases to amaze.

Commuters from nearby towns learn the importance of owning a car. If you are a commuter, you are not restricted to the confines of the College area to do homework in or to live in. Any commuter who has seen off-campus residents trudging through the snow with bags of groceries or dirty laundry can appreciate this.

So when you leave the 'Burg for good, don't think about all the knowledge and facts you have acquired. think about all the people you have learned to deal with.

by Shaun Rouine

# A Hero in the Class of 84

By Tom Goodwin

If a hero is someone highly regarded for his qualities or achievements, then I guess I met a hero yesterday. That's not a term heard very often lately, but for F.S.C. senior Jim Moruzzi it fits.

As it happened, I was sitting in the trainer's room getting therapy for my ankle when he limped in sporting a beauty of a sprain himself. As we talked about our injuries, I found that Moruzzi, a pole vaulter for the track team, had his foot slip between the protective mats after a fourteen foot jump. I also found out from the soft-spoken Industrial Science major that this was only his latest injury.

Picture this; the first time he picked up a pole and jumped, he split his head open. Another jump left Moruzzi with a cracked hip. Two months ago he fractured his wrist, but came back last month to win the Mass State College Athletic Conference Championships.

These actions all sound worthy of admiration, but it was this past February, during the new England Division III indoor championships, when Moruzzi showed his real courage and determination.

"A year before, at the same track (Bates College), I came down on my run and, after clearing the bar, I came down and missed the mats", recalled Moruzzi, who hand glides as a hobby. "I ended up with a fractured vertebrae in my back".

In pole vaulting, the object is to convert vertical motion into horizontal motion. This puts a great strain on the body, and the back in particular.

"It's like hitting a brick wall" explained Moruzzi.

Therefore any injury to the back is serious business. His doctors echoed this concern.

They told him not to compete for a year, and have him a brace to wear, but, according to F.S.C. trainer Jon Dana, Moruzzi had two things going for him.

"Because it was a compression fracture, physically there was no question that he would get better sometime", said Dana.

"The biggest problem would be how he would mentally get over the fall." I think in Jim's case there was no question there either. He never mentioned not jumping again.

Moruzzi proved him right. Competing for only the second time since the accident, he became the New England Division III champion, and the fifth best pole vaulter in New England, at the meet at Bates College, with a jump of fifteen feet.

Not one to sit around idly, Moruzzi is in the midst of preparing for another challenge.

"The National Championships are in Minnesota in two weeks and hopefully I'll be able to compete," Moruzzi said as he stared disgustedly at his rather plump foot.

His goal is to clear fifteen feet again, a small task for someone like Moruzzi who soars at heights of a thousand feet, when strapped into his hand-glider. This would qualify him, deservedly so, for All-American honors.

Having both finished our workouts, he offered me a ride home. I watched him as he used his cane in place of his injured foot on the accelerator, and I realized that this was truly someone who, through determination and perseverance, made the best of any situation that came his way. Indeed Jim Moruzzi's accomplishments are worthy of merit.



Photo by Jacqueline Masson



Photo by Jacqueline Masson

## A Party at 70 Myrtle



sponsored by the  
Marketing  
Society

SPLASH!!!!

## "Footloose on the Booze Cruise"



Photo by Jennifer Collins



Photo by Jennifer Collins



Photo by Jennifer Collins

Here it is 4:00 in the afternoon. Broad Daylight!! And here I am standing in front of Aubuchon with a buzz on. At least I'm not alone... there's about 300 other people here in the same condition. We must be quite a sight!!

A cry has just gone up. The first bus is here!! We all dash like made to get on it. I feel like a human sardine. Finally my friends and I crawl onto the fourth bus gasping for air. Soon this bus is full also. I crack open my fourth (or is it my fifth?) beer just as the bus begins to pull out. Soon the whole bus is singing and toasting the cars buzzing down Route 2. The guy in front of me turns around and accidentally on purpose dumps part of his O.J. and Vodka on me. Wonderful!!

Not to be outdone, I dump a beer on him. What a great time we're having! I smell like an orange grove and couldn't care less. Anita Bryant would love me.

Hey! What's this? The bus is stopping. BATHROOM RUN!! Everyone pours out of the bus like crazy people running into the woods. The bus driver must love this. Free show! Soon we're on our way again and I hope we get there soon 'cuz I'm on my last beer.

Thankfully I can now see the pier! We're almost there. As soon as the door opens my friends and I dash for the Marriott Hotel. Now I realize that we're not dressed for this, but it sure beats the heck out of going in the woods.

Soon I emerge from the Marriott feeling greatly relieved, and I start to board the boat.

"Wait a minute, young lady!" "Ya?"

"I.D. please?" It figures—so I only look 12—he didn't have to card me, did he? After I stop being embarrassed, I advance and give my ticket to one of the class officers.

"Hey, Donna!" he jokes. "What'd you do, tie-dye your shirt orange?"

"No! I got in a fight with a screwdriver."

"Well, I suppose it's better than a hammer!"

I realize that wasn't the best joke in the world, but at the time we both thought it was a riot and couldn't stop laughing hysterically.

Now finally I'm on the boat. I don't know what I expected (after all this is my first booze cruise—oh, sorry, harbor cruise) but it was just a boat.. No kidding, right?

Anyway, soon the boat got underway and the party could begin. We all danced, drank and screamed the night away. It was great—except for the time I fell on the deck. Everyone knew you—it was just like old home week or a floating St. Bernard's.

I would love to describe the ride in more detail, but by this time my version was a little blurry and my thoughts very muddled. I would also like to describe the bus ride home but unfortunately I slept through it. (No, I didn't say pass out—I said slept!) All I can recall is being very happy and contented when I went to sleep and saying to the girl on my left (I assume I knew her), "Can't we go again tomorrow night?"

by Donna LeCourt

# PERSONALS

## To All Seniors

Good luck, have fun and don't come back.

Love to All K.K.

Lisa, Lynn, Laura, Kathy, Jen  
Best of friends never part. It's too late to turn back now, it don't matter anyhow. All my love and thanks. Looks like we made it.

Ed

## To Ed, Lynne, & Brian

Thanks for putting up with all of us guys on internships, and clinicals. If it wasn't for you people, alot wouldn't have gotten done.

Thanks for everything.  
J, K, L, C & K

## To the Girls of 104

Thank you for feeding me all those times I conveniently came up at supertime. Thank you for the Marathon (D&B) and thank you for helping me with my screwed up personal life. Thank you Shlomee for the music. And most of all thank you for the wierdest nickname of my life. I'll miss you all. Best of luck to me and you.

The Wedge

## Mike and Skip,

Get Out! And what the hell, get off my cloud!

Kathy

## Doug,

Good Luck in the real world. I hope you have better luck than "The Thing".

Steve

## To The Veg Tank Grads,

Good luck hope you all get the Fords with fake wood and good looking secretary's to sit on your laps.

Veg Tank Boys

## B o

You've finally made it. Congratulations!

Love, Your two good girls!

## To Rita T

My best to four years of great, sometimes too bizarre years. Don't forget Hellen Keller (alias Polla Hiiines), Mikka, So's, 9th floor Russell Towers, Star sheet, Punch Party, and especially me! May your hair grow back and I pray we make it.

Much Love & Raunchy E.T.

Good luck to all seniors whom I wish I was leaving with, good bye and good luck.

Your S.G.A.  
President

## "You've finally made it. Congratulations!"

### Jennifer McDaid

May you find more paper bags for your unknown striper capers, may there be a dozen mouse traps in your way, but most of all—may your dreams be pleasant as you achieve your goals. With the best of luck and wishes.

Love, Kim R. Crawford '85

### To the Class of '84,

I know you all—most of you personally. You have given this campus a new name and something great to look forward to. As you leave this campus, you can smile with glee and say "The class of '84 is a tough act to follow".

An '85 Class Officer

Love, Compassion, Sensitivity. I have all these qualities. I am a reserved senior male. Let's meet, you won't be disappointed.

Write to: Dave Box 5575

To Lynne, Laura, Lisa, Kathy, Casey, Heidi,

CONGRATULATIONS! We actually made it.

Love Jen

### To Lynn Annan

Best wishes and luck on your new adventures. If you ever get an over stock of tongue depressors you could always build a house out of them.

Kim R. Crawford

### To Lynnie,

So long to my favorite wench and roommate of 4 years!! Don't forget "you want to go to Florida!"

Love ya, Me

### To Lisa Wagner

May you have the best of luck and achieve all your goals, including the one you set forth 3 years ago. "To find Courtney Brooke".

Kim R. Crawford

To the ENTIRE FSC Campus,  
I'M OUTTA HERE.

Steve McD. "1984"

### To A Great Friend...

Anne Haehnel.  
"Good' Luck in the working world"

Logan

### To Kevin Donahue,

Your a great friend, I am glad we met. May all your dreams come true, (including the wet ones), my joke of the year!! Ha-Ha! Good Luck.

Kim R. Crawford

### Auntie 'Lainie,

Can we meet next year at Pearl Hill for Old times sake? Remember the Happy times.

Love, Cinema Hog

### Good Luck Pam

From the Gang of 119 Day

### Joe Mc.M

To my favorite Gaveleer—promise you'll come back and visit next year - life at FSC will be terribly dull if you don't!

Love Doreen R.

### Kris & Robyn,

Gee I am one hungover dude.

Fritz

### Steve

Congratulations honey! I knew you could do it! Go for it! I love you.

Love Mare

### SKip

Tell ya what—buy me that bottle of Bailey's and I'll let you split it with me—an early birthday party. What do you say?

Love, Your Secretary

### Rich

Good luck next year! Congratulations! We knew you could do it.

Your Roomies  
MT & SJ

### Smitty (a.k.a. Mr. McYip)

Congratulations, kid! You finally made it—See you May 14th!  
The Kid from 15 oak St.  
& Egremont

### To Airborne Jim,

It's up to you to scout out all the good dope fields in the U.S.

Love Hoey

### John "Fisher" Eisner

Congratulations on making Iowa State, love! Don't forget the little red head while you're seducing the mademoiselles this summer—at least visit me before you graduate! Virp.

Love, Doreen

### The TIPPERS.

Leave 28 D-O-O-O-W-W-W-W-E-E-E-S to Anthony George Gentile Jr. in "84".  
P.C.S.W. McKenzie

### Kathy Dolaher

May you have the best of wishes and a Stethoscope with your initials on it—then you will know who's on first.

Kim R. Crawford



Photo by Mark Casey

## The National Dean's List

Susan Abbott  
Linda Batten  
Barbara Bentley  
Karen Boucher  
Debra Cassinelli  
Christine Celli  
Renee Cormier  
Kathleen Coughlin  
Joyce Dupont  
Kimberly Griffin  
Donna Marie Hardwick  
Albert Hill, Jr.  
Julie Klingenberg  
Patricia Nash  
Gretna Niemi  
Lori Olds  
Barbara Paradise  
Margaret Pate  
Susan Roy  
Antoinette Salvatore  
Filomena Tafuri  
Beverly Wylie  
Simone Youngblood  
Juliette Youngblood

## Promotions

To Full Professor  
George Bond  
Theodore Lapierre  
Barry Light  
Caroline Murphy  
Charles Streff  
Margaret Taylor  
To Associate Professor  
George Babich  
Lucy Dechene  
John Meaney  
Sandra Miller-Jacobs  
Nancy Wieggersma  
To Associate Librarian  
Robert Foley  
To Assistant Professor  
Augustine Aryee  
Ann Bogojavlensky  
David Carey  
Gunter Hoos  
Helen Obermeyer  
Caryl Sickul

## Convocation Honors

Roger F. Holmes History Prize  
Robert Favini—Class of 84

Outstanding Geography Senior  
Albert Hill—Class of 84

Matti N. Antila Poetry Award  
Irene Bogus—Class of 84

For Exceptional Proficiency in Intercollegiate Forensics  
Juliette Youngblood—Class of 84  
Maureen Leary—Class of 86

Dr. William J. Goldman Award  
Jill Marie McSwiggin/Class of 84

Communications/Media Student of the Year  
Anna Bisol—Class of 84  
David Boudreau—Class of 84

Cutler Award for All-Around Student  
Brendan Quinn—Class of 84

Purington Award for Craftmanship  
Richard Demetrius—Class of 84

Kirkpatrick-Percival Award in Psychology  
Gretna Niemi—Class of 84

Outstanding Academic Achievement Award in Sociology  
Joanne M. Rose—Class of 84

Outstanding Senior in Biology  
Debra A. Cassinelli—Class of 84

Outstanding Senior in Medical Technology  
Teresa L. Stewart—Class of 84

John McNaney Memorial Award  
Albert Narbonne—Class of 84

Michael Vignale Memorial Award  
Linda Lewis—Class of 84

The Grace Gummo Award  
Denise Garlick—Class of 84

The Katherine Sehl Award  
Nancy Moore—Class of 84

The Eleanor Voorhies Award  
Rose Marie Manarite—Class of 84

Christopher Hughes Memorial Scholarship  
Paul Keenan—Class of 84  
Patricia McKay—Class of 85

Hutchinson Award—Outstanding Student in Marketing  
Mary Donovan—Class of 84

Outstanding Senior in Early Childhood Education  
Joanne Allosso—Class of 84

Outstanding Senior in Elementary Education  
Carol Ruest—Class of 84

Outstanding Senior in Computer Science  
Simone Youngblood—Class of 84

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Photo by Jacqueline Masson

## Who's Who at F.S.C.

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